

over one another.

"All right, very good!" answered the uncle when he had heard all, and soon drove out of their sight.

"It's kind'er hard to do kind things, isn't it, Dorothy?" said Florette with a sigh of regretfulness.

"Y-e-s," answered Dorothy; "just see what a fine ride we could have had. Oh, dear!"

But on they went, and reached the little lame girl's poor home. And so thoroughly did they enter into the striving to make the poor child happy that they really enjoyed themselves very much indeed.

However, the ride was not forgotten. It was such a great pleasure that to give it up was true self-denial.

Therefore it was a surprise to find Uncle Charlie waiting at the tenement door to take them with him to town.

"I waited," he said, "so I might have the company of two dear little girls who cheerfully gave up their own pleasure that they might make a poor, unfortunate child happy. I visit the little lame girl myself sometimes, and she is so good that it does me good to talk with her and to see her."

"Well, we had a very pleasant visit with her, uncle, and we didn't let her break the cake baby at all! I just told her to keep it as long as she wanted to, and then eat it all herself, and she was so pleased"; and Florette laughed happily over it all as she spoke.

MARY ELLEN'S PLATE.

Katherine Hull.

The funny thing about Mary Ellen's plate was that it didn't belong to Mary Ellen at all, but reposed in a glass case outside of a store. Its price was one dollar and Mary Ellen wanted it for her grandmother. She went to see it nearly every day.

"A week from next Monday she'll be seventy-five years old," said Mary Ellen, gazing at her plate and thinking of her grandmother, "and it certainly would be a beautiful present."

Other people, too, looked at the plate, for it really was a wonderful bargain. Once, a lady, who appeared too grand to be wheeling her baby, but was nevertheless engaged in that occupation, paused and looked at the plate.

When the lady passed on, Mary Ellen, who had stepped back politely, gave a sigh of relief, and said out aloud, "She scared me terribly."

Thereupon some thing else happened. A tall young man, who must have bowed to the lady, for his hat was still in his hat, was looking at Mary Ellen with a laugh in his eyes. It almost seemed to the little girl as if he was asking an explanation of her speech.

"I was scared for fear she'd buy my plate," said Mary Ellen.

"How does it come to be your plate?" asked the young man.

"Grandmother'll be seventy-five years old a week from next Monday," explained Mary Ellen.

"Oh, I see," said the young man, "and you intend giving her the plate for a birthday present?"

Didn't Mary Ellen wish she could answer, "Yes, sir." But she only said: "I want to, but I can't. I haven't the money to buy it."

The next instant Mary Ellen's face was a flaming red, for the young man was handing her a dollar. She

put her hands behind her back, and almost shut her eyes, it was such a big temptation. Then she said, "I never take money unless I earn it."

Suddenly an idea came to the young man, whose face also reddened as he put the dollar back into his pocket. "Say," he said, "I know the lady with the baby; she's my cousin. She is without a nurse girl. Why don't you run after her and ask her if she will take you?"

"I think she wouldn't give it to me," said Mary Ellen; "rich folks are so particular; besides, I can't, I have to take care of my grandmother. Susie is too little to do anything but stay with her while I'm out."

"Couldn't you wheel the baby in the sunshine several hours a day?" asked the young man, for, somehow, he was very anxious about the plate.

"Yes, sir, I could do that," said Mary Ellen.

Then he said, "Run, I'll follow with references," and Mary Ellen, obeying, went speedily down the street in the direction of the lady and the baby. The young man, bringing the references, followed after, taking very long and undignified steps.

Mary Ellen's grandmother was very proud and happy on her seventy-fifth birthday, for Mary Ellen presented her with the most beautiful plate she ever had seen; it had roses all around it, and it cost a dollar. The little girl had earned this wonderful present, wheeling about in the sunshine "that young man's cousin's baby," for in these very words Mary Ellen concluded the interesting story of how she came into possession of her plate.—The Morning Star.

"NOW I LAY ME."

An indulgent father, wishing to give his youngest son a pleasure, took him along on a business trip to Columbus. They stopped at one of the large hotels for the night.

After the youngster was undressed and put to bed, the father went down into the lobby to talk business.

Then there came a jingling of bells indicating that the push button in the room occupied by the young man who had been left quiet in bed must have been worked to the limit. There was a rush of feet as the bellboy scurried to the room, only to be met at the door by a diminutive, but indignant, youth, who said, severely:

"Man, I want you to send me some one I can say my prayers to, and send them quickly. I want to go to sleep!"—Columbus Dispatch.

THE BEST WAY.

A little fellow came home from school the other day full of talk about a new rule against whispering. The teacher had devised some new punishment for the child caught doing it.

"I'll stump her to catch me!" he chuckled boastfully.

The mother reproved him gravely for the remark, saying that whoever breaks a rule is sure to be caught sooner or later, and deserves to be.

"Huh!" he answered, "how'll she catch me if I don't do it? I'd like to know. I ain't a-going to whisper, not once."

There was his assurance of safety. The one who simply resolves on honest faithfulness in every instance is secure.—Christian Endeavor World.